A Measure of Control

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/1542842.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Anal Sex, Anal Fingering, Rimming, Rope Bondage, Power Dynamics, Bottom Hannibal
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Season One-Inspired Hannigram: One-Shots
Collections:	Sub!Hannibal
Stats:	Published: 2014-04-29 Words: 1,863 Chapters: 1/1

A Measure of Control

by DarkDreamsOfHannigram

Summary

A little prompt fill for MadforMads who requested some bottom, bound Hannibal.

Notes

Hope you enjoy this, and sorry it took me so bloody long.

When Hannibal had first suggested that Will take some control, and experience what it was like to have the upper hand in the power dynamic of their relationship, albeit temporarily, Will was excited and not a little afraid. On one hand, he thought of it as something that he might use to work through some of his issues about taking back his own agency in dealing with others; on the other, he was not entirely convinced he could do it. Hannibal was a lot to live up to in this regard.

Hannibal had…different reasons. There was so much that Will held down, so many layers yet to peel back. He suspected that once Will got a taste of what he himself experienced, he'd realize that they were more alike than he would let himself think. It could be the bridge to further exploration of the impulses that he just barely controlled, that roiled just under the surface. Hannibal wanted nothing more than to let them break through.

Hannibal had instructed him carefully on how to tie the knots. At least Will felt confident he was good at that; the rope was a thicker medium than he usually worked with, but at least it was something familiar. The rest of this was uncharted territory, to put it mildly.

The doctor had slowly taken off every one of his many articles of clothing, and lay back on the bed. Will had tied the rope as they'd practiced previously in segments, measured and precise; but now, he was there, fully bound. When it was all done together, complete, the effect was enough to make Will feel drunk with lust. Hannibal's wrists were secured to his ankles, ropes snaking their way up his thighs, tied at intervals to support him‘; it would not allow him to move, but not cause strain. Will had to admit he did a fine job. The ropes outlined his muscular legs enticingly.

"Where do you wish to start? What do you want to do?" Hannibal saw Will's reluctance settling back in.

"Anything. Everything. I…want to make you feel good."

"Kiss me. That is where you can start."

Will walked over to the side of his head, and brought Hannibal's chin up slightly. He brought his mouth down to meet his lips. At first kissing him hesitantly, he finally gave himself over when he ran a hand over Hannibal's rope-bound arm. The juncture of his flesh where it met the rougher material pushed him over the precipice of his need. Feeling Hannibal's tongue meet his, Will could scarcely breathe. He broke the kiss, and just looked at what lay before him, to use for his own pleasure. Mind racing, he tried to center himself, to feel calm - he wanted this to last. Already, he was painfully hard just looking. And he intended to do more than look.

Slowly, Will traced with light fingers the line of ropes from the upper part of Hannibal's body, down to his legs, caressing around to his inner thighs. He moaned quietly, and the sound went straight through Will. More than anything, he wanted to hear more. He watched intently as the light strokes of his hands caused Hannibal's cock to harden. He wanted to touch, caress, taste - but decided to wait, to draw it out not just for himself but Hannibal too.

Lingering kisses became harder still, as they both watched his increasing excitement, and Will savored his quickening breaths. But Hannibal sensed his hesitation again.

“Will. I am yours tonight. I do not pause to consider. Think of yourself taking what you want when it is freely offered.”

Will closed his eyes, listening to the voice flowing through him, sounding like it was no longer external but part of his own inner dialogue. When he opened them again, they were dark and steady. He stood slowly, and began removing his shirt, thinking consciously of every new part of flesh revealed under Hannibal’s persistent gaze. He became aware quickly of how much he ached when he started unzipping his jeans. His movements were focused, automatic. Hannibal wanted him as much as he wanted to take.

When he was undressed, he pressed the length of his erection along Hannibal’s bound thigh, eliciting another moan, and a visible shiver.

“Tell me you want me.” Will’s voice had taken on a commanding tone, unfamiliar to his own ears.

“I want you.” Hannibal’s voice was just taking on a quiver brought on by lust. “I want you to fuck me, Will. Hard. I want you to make me scream.”

Will stroked himself at these words, committing them to memory, to play in his head like a mantra. He knelt down between Hannibal’s widely parted legs, and began to graze the entrance to his ass with an index finger. He was rewarded with a long, drawn-out “mmmm” from Hannibal, who had arched his back into the light touch as much as he was able. He clearly wanted more.

The more sound he made, the more Will needed to hear. Fingers were replaced by the tip of his tongue. More perfect sounds of pleasure followed, tinged with growing need. Tonguing lightly around the rim, Will began to enter his opening, darting in and out shallowly at first, then losing himself to tongue-fucking Hannibal’s ass as he squirmed and panted, moaning uncontrolled now. Taking Hannibal apart this way was instantly addictive, and Will wanted to push him further.

Tongue was replaced by two fingers, slickened with the lubricant he’d placed at the floor beneath them, and Will was forced to bite his lip in order to not cry out at how tight Hannibal’s ass was, how slick and hot it felt, and the thought of how his cock would feel there instead…he felt himself leaking profusely with this in mind. But the tightness gave way to the assault, and Will saw Hannibal’s cock leaking too when he stroked his prostate. He wanted to see how wet he could get him before he was fucked.

“So good, Will, please…” Hannibal trailed off. Will saw his face; he was open-mouthed, taking shallow, quick breaths. His hair fell over is face. His eyes were wide and uncomprehending, staring at the ceiling. Their realities narrowed on each other’s sensations, and Will sensed, knew everything he was feeling. There was only Hannibal opening himself to Will, and in doing so, becoming undone.

Another finger; time to ensure Hannibal could easily accept Will inside of him. He writhed against his bonds, being stretched, Will's fingers opening and making him ready.

"Please. Now."

"'Please,' Doctor Lecter? I'm not sure I've ever heard you beg before. I think I like it." Not using his first name in this context, and taunting him - this was a step Will had never imagined taking. He felt powerful. Making him say this in his refined accent was an obscenity unto itself.

Purposefully teasing at Hannibal's prostate made his cock wetter and his groans become more pleasing. And pleading. Will held onto one of his bound legs as leverage to enter into him more forcefully. Every other sound was some version of an entreaty, until he could no longer form words. When he removed his fingers, Hannibal gasped at the sudden emptiness.

Finally Will was about to lose control himself. He stood, positioning himself between Hannibal's legs. One last lingering touch on all the places where the ropes met his flesh. They weren't painfully tight, but they cut in lightly. Will was overwhelmed with how beautiful he looked, and wanted only to ruin him. He didn't have far to go - Hannibal was unable to speak, breathing irregular, precum beading from his straining cock, and thoroughly debauched. He'd done this to him, and he wanted to do everything.

Will slicked his cock, and aligned himself at Hannibal's entrance. As with his fingertips before, he stroked his opening with the head before pressing bluntly in, pulling out, over and over, until he was sure Hannibal could take it. His ass gaped so enticingly after he pulled out. Will couldn't wait any longer. He pressed in half way, letting Hannibal become used to it, and himself getting accustomed to the feeling of such tightness engulfing him. Hannibal was watching him now, eyes wide, pleading for more.

All the way out, then one long, firm, deep thrust and Will was inside of him to the hilt. It was his turn to gasp and moan as he heard Hannibal cry out a dark-sounding *Ohhhhh FUCK*.

That was all Will needed to hear to lose his sense of reality, to begin driving into him forcefully. Holding the ropes that bound Hannibal's legs, he sank inside again and again, harder, faster, deeper each time. Hannibal was desperately trying to meet each incursion, barely able to move, but wanting this, dying for it.

Will slowed, wanting it to last, even as he could feel his own release building from down low in his belly. Slower, more deliberately, savoring each time, *and the tightness, fuck, how could be feel so good*?

At last, he touched Hannibal's pulsing length, and was rewarded with more of those delicious sounds. He more he stroked him, the tighter he felt around him; he was bearing down needing more contact, and Will could feel the surging as he slid deep inside.

Hannibal's gasps turned louder, and transformed into breathy wails as Will's grip tightened around him. He was extracting from Hannibal the screams he'd been promised. Words found their way into the cries, words like *Yes*, and *Fuck*, and *Don't*, and *Stop*, and *Please*, and it was unspeakably perfect as Hannibal came hard, more semen flowing from his pulsing cock than

Will had ever seen or imagined him capable of, more each time Will thrust inside of him. And unbelievable to Will, he was tighter and hotter and Will felt himself letting go, his own noise melding into Hannibal's. There was only this, only ever this.

Coming inside of him, Will stayed in deep, only moving slightly as he felt the release, face pressed into the ropes of Hannibal's bound knee, growling into his skin. Pulse after pulse, his cock felt so firmly placed, like there was no way it could fit in Hannibal's stretched ass. Looking up, Will saw his head was back, and limp. It felt like a conquest, rather than something freely given. He'd been able to push Hannibal past the point of sense, and that was the best part of all.

When it finally ended, Will pulled slowly out, almost unable to keep standing. If Hannibal had come profusely, Will saw he did so even more. Once his cock was free, a shocking amount of cum leaked from his filled hole. Pulling out brought Hannibal back to reality, and he caught his breath.

"Hannibal, that was…it was…I can't find the words."

"There are no words, Will."

"I will want to do that again sometime. Sometime soon."

"And I will want to let you. But you will have to earn it."

More control over him, Will thought? Or Hannibal giving up control? Or both. Maybe it didn't matter. Maybe it was the same.

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